

SINGULARITIES

a One Act Play in Thirteen Scenes

by MARIA VIERA

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## **Singularities**

a one act play in thirteen scenes

“A play about love, physics, and roads not taken.”

A Singularity is: (1) A point in space which is acting out of the ordinary thus causing all kinds of relativistic abnormalities. (2) A point that you can get infinitely close to because the quantity of mass or some other element is 0 or infinite. (3) Physics’ great enigma: the equation with no floor or ceiling.

**Synopsis:** The play, Charles’s life, and the documentary he is making are all a study in personal relationships: how they start and stop; how they connect and interweave. His experiences are about what if’s, what might have beens, and the loneliness that runs through contemporary American culture. Charles and three women interact in unfinished sentences, unanswered questions, and unresolved relationships. The women represent various aspects of “woman” for Charles: for example, vulnerability (Toast), mystery (Katherine), or sexuality (Julie). The play is a love story that never happens; it is about missed opportunities and paths not taken, randomness, and ships that pass in the night. Charles is a singularity: a point in space, time or the continuum of thought where we can say for certain that there is information we can never know.

**Action of the play:** Charles makes a documentary.

### **CHARACTERS**

(In order of appearance)

#### **Men:**

**CHARLES:** Drifting through his twenties and thirties; a loner; his project is to make a documentary explaining his life, his loves, and his loneliness.

#### **Women:**

**TOAST:** A lost soul with too many tattoos and too few options who dreams of being a rock star.

**KATHERINE:** A beautiful tragic soul; ephemeral; an “anima woman;” one of those women who appear too sensitive to live.

**JULIE:** A “Jelly Bean” girl/ woman; sexy, bright, shiny; you always know when she’s entered the room.

**WOMAN AT BAR:** Lonely

## SETTING

Extreme down stage (right or left) is a chair facing a video camera on a tripod. Charles delivers his monologues to the camera, plus he interviews each woman. It would be ideal if on the back wall there was a screen for video projection and live feed from the camera so his monologues and interviews are projected live onto the screen. However, live projection is not necessary for the integrity of the play. The rest of the settings in play (a café, a bedroom, a flat, a bar) may be achieved with a table and two chairs.

## TIME

Contemporary.

## SCENES

1	at the camera	8	at Katherine's flat
2	a café	9	at the camera
3	at the camera	10	at Toast's flat
4	a café	11	at the camera
5	at the camera	12	a bar
6	in a bedroom	13	at the camera

## SINGULARITIES

### SCENE ONE: at the video camera

(LIGHTS UP)

(CHARLES sits on a chair facing a video camera on a Tripod. He leans forward and turns on the camera.)

CHARLES

There are as many different meanings in a situation as there are individuals in it.

*(waving his hand in front of the camera)*

Cut... Cut...

*(to the audience)*

It's hard to find just the right opening line. I love great opening lines.

*(He dramatically performs each famous line.)*

“Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my life, or whether that role will be held by anybody else, this play must show.” “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.” “It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.” “Call me Ishmal.” See what I mean?

*(to the camera)*

Okay, I'll start with the title: Singularities.

*(He takes out a piece of paper and reads.)*

A singularity is physics' great enigma: the equation with no floor or ceiling. A singularity is a point in space, time or the continuum of thought where we can say for certain there is information we can never know. In some cases, like the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, we know exactly what we cannot know. In other cases, like black holes, we simply know that we cannot know. The key element of any singularity is our certainly that complete knowledge is impossible.

*(pleased)*

All right that's an opening!

*(to the audience)*

On second thought maybe a bit too much.

*(He tries again.)*

A singularity is a point in space which is acting out of the ordinary thus causing all kinds of relativistic abnormalities. I can relate to that. It's the story of my life. In other words, if you look it's a particle; if you don't look it's a wave.

*(CHARLES turns off the camera and enters the Café scene and sits at a table.)*

**SCENE TWO: at a cafe**

(CHARLES sits at a table. TOAST approaches.)

TOAST

Did you know that as a primate we need 124 acquaintances to feel safe?

CHARLES

No. I didn't know that.

TOAST

Did you know that you can't kiss your own elbow?

CHARLES

Never thought about it.

TOAST

What do you do?

CHARLES

I'm a filmmaker... sort of... documentaries.

TOAST

I thought I might like to try film. I wrote Matthew McConaughey and asked him he'd pay for me to go the film school in Austin. He lives in Austin, you know. He never answered. So you make documentaries?

CHARLES

Yeah, sort of. Trying...

TOAST

I was in a documentary once. They interviewed me 'cause I knew Robbie Robinson.

CHARLES

Ahh... (*shaking his head no*)

TOAST

He knew all the big rock stars. He was kind of a roadie. Or more a drug supplier, I guess. He knew everybody. He died. He had hepatitis B and C. He had cirrhosis of the liver. That's what killed him. All he wanted to do was party. He dyed his penis red once—with food coloring. Everyone has their song.

CHARLES

He made a documentary?

TOAST

No, some guys decided to interview all the people who knew him. They interviewed me. My thing is music.

CHARLES

I'm Charles. What's your name?

TOAST

Toast.

CHARLES

As in... toaster?

TOAST

As in Toastiana. My mother said it was a Seminole Indian name but I think she was just on drugs.

CHARLES

You're a musician?

TOAST

No, I create mixed tapes for people. I hate it when people ask me what I do.

CHARLES

Me too.

TOAST

*(quoting a song lyric)*

"So, what do you do? Oh, yeah, I wait tables too. No, I haven't heard your band, cuz you guys are pretty new." I like to memorize things--snatches of lyrics, lines from poems. I make lamps too. I've had lots of odd jobs... not odd odd jobs, but regular old odd jobs. I waitressed. I painted houses. I worked in a Laundromat. Now, I'm working in a nursery. I water plants. Kinda odd. But it's a way to make a living. I once had this Ti plant. In Hawaii they're believed to bring people good luck.

CHARLES

What happened to it?

TOAST

It died. I guess my luck is running out.

*(CHARLES leaves the scene.)*

CHARLES

*(to the audience as he walks to the video camera)*

I met a pretty girl with stringy hair and bad teeth. She lived on hot dogs and Pepsi and believed in the consolations of music. She lavished hours on her make-up in cheap furnished rooms. She was a person people remembered vaguely but could never quite pull into focus. But as she said: Everyone has their song.

**SCENE THREE: at the video camera**

(CHARLES is interviewing TOAST.)

TOAST

You want me to sit here?

CHARLES

Just make yourself comfortable.

*(TOAST sits on the chair.)*

TOAST

Okay. What do you want me to say?

CHARLES

Just talk to the camera. Just say what's on your mind.

TOAST

Okay.

CHARLES

Toast. Monologue. Take One. Action.

TOAST

Where do I look?

CHARLES

Look directly at the camera lens. Ready?

TOAST

Okay. Here goes. I was born in New Orleans into what I would say was a very dysfunctional family. My mom and dad hit the road with five children in an old school bus—trying to create an alternative life style. Our family ended up on a Black Foot Indian reservation in Montana. My parents separated. My sister got pregnant. I split for Los Angeles in pursuit of my dream to join a band. Is that enough?

CHARLES

Keep going. Tell me what happened after you got to LA?

## TOAST

I got a job taking phone orders. Hated it.

*(She pretends to talk on the phone.)*

Yes. Yes. Do you want us to rush the rush job we're rushing now, or rush the rush job you want us to rush, before we rush the rush job we're rushing now, or rush the rush job we were rushing before?

My sister, Amber, says I live one step above homeless, but I'm surviving. She says I dress like a seven year old pirate from space, but I've always been the kind of person who gives myself permission to be different. People say I have a bad attitude. I say: "Fuck 'em."

*(CHARLES turns off the camera and walks into the café setting.)*

## CHARLES

We live in relativistic times. People accept the idea that we construct our own subjective realities. Yet most of us won't part with the assumption that there is a shared reality out there. A shared external reality that is at least partly knowable through memory. There are three major memory systems. First, semantic memory, the kind that takes care of conceptual and factual knowledge. Then there's procedural memory that allows us to learn skills and acquire habits. The third is episodic memory which allows us to recall the personal incidents that uniquely define our lives. My documentary is an experiment in episodic memory. I'm recalling the personal incidents that uniquely define my life. Of course, they all revolve around women.

**SCENE FOUR: at a café**

*(KATHERINE sits at a table surrounded by shopping bags. CHARLES approaches.)*

## CHARLES

May I join you?

## KATHERINE

No.

## CHARLES

I saw you stealing a scarf. At that shop next door.

## KATHERINE

Excuse me?

## CHARLES

I saw you slip the scarf into that bag.



KATHERINE

Are you a cop?

CHARLES

Very professional like. I watched you.

KATHERINE

Leave me alone. Did you follow me here?

CHARLES

You were like a cat. So cautious.

KATHERINE

Get away from me.

CHARLES

So graceful.

KATHERINE

Really, leave me alone.

CHARLES

Then you walked right out the store like a fashion model on the runway.

KATHERINE

You followed me?

CHARLES

I was curious.

KATHERINE

This is none of your business. I am none of your business.

CHARLES

Someone dressed like you. So classy. Do you steal all your clothes?

KATHERINE

No.

CHARLES

Just the accessories?

KATHERINE

I am not going to discuss this with you.

CHARLES

I don't care about the stealing. I just want to know why.

KATHERINE

I find it exciting.

CHARLES

That's it? No obsessions?

KATHERINE

I only do it when I am incredibly bored.

CHARLES

Well, that's disappointing.

KATHERINE

Sorry.

CHARLES

Aren't you afraid of getting caught?

KATHERINE

Oh, I've been caught. I even got expelled from college.

CHARLES

I can relate to that.

KATHERINE

Were you expelled too?

CHARLES

No, I dropped out. I wonder after how many years you've dropped out of school you cease to be a physics major. *(beat)* Will you marry me?

KATHERINE

What?

CHARLES

Okay, will you go out with me tonight?

*(CHARLES leaves the scene and turns on the camera.)*

**SCENE FIVE: at the video camera**

CHARLES

*(to the camera)*

Sometimes you meet someone who you expect may be just too sensitive to live. Someone that wounds others too deeply; but in return scars too easily.

Her name was Katherine. She was exquisitely beautiful. Ephemeral. The moment I saw her, my life changed.

Katherine was a Mozart Piano Concerto—probably Number 21, 2<sup>nd</sup> movement. Complex and definitely in C major although she spelled her name with a K. Andante, she moved at the pace of a slow walk. Later she became a C sharp and as we know to resolve C sharp you must get to a B minor. Resolving C sharp is a bitch.

But for now she was Katherine. No matter how hard she tried she'd never be a Kathy.

*(CHARLES turns off the camera and walks into the bedroom scene.)*

CHARLES

*(to the audience)*

I went to a party one night, but got bored and left the group. I found an empty bedroom. The bed was piled with coats so I sat on the floor. I was thinking about the fact that all modern theories of nuclear and electromagnetic interactions are based on group theory when the door opened.

### SCENE SIX: in a bedroom

*(JULIE enters the room. She does not see CHARLES sitting on the floor.)*

CHARLES

Coward.

JULIE

*(startled)*

What?

CHARLES

Sneaking away from the party this early.

JULIE

I'm not sneaking away. Well, at least, I'm not hiding out, like you.

CHARLES

Hiding out? I'm taking a break.

JULIE

I hate this party.

CHARLES

Me, too. Everybody's trying so hard to have a good time.

JULIE

Everybody's running around demanding attention. Look at me! Look at me!

CHARLES

You don't like to be looked at?

JULIE

Not really.

CHARLES

Come on, women like to be looked at. If they didn't they wouldn't dress so sexy.

JULIE

I know, tight T-shirts and a thong sticking out over our low cut pants.

CHARLES

I guess you have to dress really sexy because guys get to see so much flesh on media.

JULIE

Guys barely look in real life. I swear I could walk into a bar stark naked and some guys wouldn't even notice. It seems like in the old days when women only flashed a little leg or something guys could fall in love. Guys don't fall in love anymore. Now that we're all sex objects there doesn't seem to be much sex. No one seems to be looking.

CHARLES

You here with someone?

JULIE

Not really. I just broke up with someone. He thought he was too good for me. I acted like a door mat.

CHARLES

But you left him?

JULIE

I don't miss him enough to want him back. I miss him just enough for it to hurt. If only...

CHARLES

Can't live on if onlys...

JULIE

He was the perfect example of a modern Neanderthal—lying, conniving, deceitful, arrogant...

CHARLES

Come on, basically we men are just like you women. We want to be loved...

JULIE

You are not like us.

CHARLES

We want to be happy...

JULIE

You are very different.

CHARLES

How so?

JULIE

For example, we don't give cute little names to our private parts.

CHARLES

*(changing the subject)*

What do you do?

JULIE

Why does my identity have to be tied to a job?

CHARLES

Let me reframe the question...

JULIE

How about reframing society? It sets the standards. Everyone wants to be rich, successful, famous, a star, a celebrity. Who the hell wants to be a coffee server? The problem is everybody wants to be looked at; no one wants to look. Everyone wants to write poetry; no one wants to read it. Everyone wants to be a singer; no one wants to listen: Everyone wants to be an actor, no one wants to go to the theater.

CHARLES

Do you think opposites attract?

JULIE

Probably not.

CHARLES

Ever heard of the Second Law Thermodynamics?

JULIE

Nope. But I know the International Law of Cleavage. Always works for me.

*(CHARLES leaves the scene and goes to the camera.)*

CHARLES

I ended up explaining the Second Law of Thermodynamics to Julie. I think she missed my meaning.

**SCENE SEVEN: at the video camera**

*(CHARLES turns on the camera.)*

CHARLES

No one seems to get the numerous connections between physics and women. Physics and human relationships. Physics and love. For example: When two isolated systems, in separate but nearby regions of space, each in thermodynamic equilibrium in itself (but not necessarily in equilibrium with each other at first) are at some time allowed to interact, breaking the isolation that separates the two systems, allowing them to exchange matter or energy, they will eventually reach a mutual thermodynamic equilibrium. Ah, fuck it.

This is a documentary about love, physics, and roads not taken. I want to explore obsessions, missed opportunities, and ships that pass in the night. The theme of this video is unrequited love and unrealized dreams. The gap between reality and potential.

*(to the audience)*

Shit, I'm not fooling you. I don't know why I'm making this video. Maybe I'm making it because I feel a little lost. Maybe because my family is made up of a bunch of aliens. Maybe because I can't get up some mornings. I'm doing this because what makes me happy disappoints everyone else. I don't know. I'd rather record my life than live it.

*(He turns off the camera and walks into the next scene.)*

Zero is infinity's twin. They are equals and opposites, yin and yang. They are humanity in a nutshell. The biggest questions are about nothingness and eternity—the void, the infinite, zero and infinity.

**SCENE EIGHT: at Katherine's flat**

*(CHARLES and KATHERINE enter.)*

CHARLES

Oh, it's lovely. I see you've got a ceiling on the top with a floor on the lower level and a wall at either side. And only a single bed.

KATHERINE

I used to have a dog.

CHARLES

Your room is very spare... sparse...

KATHERINE

I miss him. My dog... I like clocks. I used to collect clocks. Do you like clocks?

CHARLES

Yeah. Why not? What's there not to like?

KATHERINE

I had this Chinese clock—made out of wood—Cherry wood. It was a triangle. It had this silver bar—a gong to strike each hour, but we... I didn't like the sound at night so I took out the batteries.

CHARLES

I feel like I know you.

KATHERINE

Don't turn us into one of those awful melodramas.

CHARLES

I just meant...

KATHERINE

Oh, fuck off.

CHARLES

What?

KATHERINE

Just get out of here. I can't do this. Leave me alone. I miss Tomas. I miss the idea of him.

*(She pushes CHARLES out. KATHERINE walks to the camera and Charles follows.)*

CHARLES

Katherine is too wounded and alienated to make any human connection and I'm obviously not the man to salve her pain.

**SCENE NINE: at the video camera**

(CHARLES is interviewing KATHERINE.)

KATHERINE

Charles, I really don't want to do this.

CHARLES

Please, Katherine, just look at the camera and say what's on your mind.

KATHERINE

What's on my mind is I really don't want to do this.

CHARLES

Please sit down, Katherine. Relax.

*(She sits on the chair.)*

CHARLES

Katherine. Monologue. Take One. Action.

KATHERINE

I recently met Charles and he asked to videotape me and I have no idea why I'm doing this.

*(She gets up and walks off camera.  
He walks her back to the chair.)*

CHARLES

Katherine, please. Just tell me a secret. Any secret. I'm collecting secrets. This is a documentary about secrets. I'm documenting secrets.

KATHERINE

One day I just came home and went to bed for a month and a half.

CHARLES

And... go on...

KATHERINE

I remember waking up tangled in my night gown after I had dreamt something I knew was terribly important. I got up and wrote a note I thought was of great significance. I was sure it contained the meaning of the universe. In the morning I found the note made no sense. Then I realized it was written in mirror image. I held it to the mirror and read: Dear Katherine, It hasn't been an easy time. I will get to you as soon as I can. Love, Your Destiny.



CHARLES

Tell me another secret. Tell me your biggest secret.

KATHERINE

The problem with living alone now that Tomas is gone is that no one sees my Christian Dior pajamas. I am the unobserved. No one sees me laugh. No one sees me cry. No one sees my new pink satin nightgown.

CHARLES

Tell me about Tomas?

KATHERINE

Tomas is my used-to-be boyfriend. We met in Prague. I got a job there teaching English. Tomas was working at McDonalds to learn American English. Our eyes met across a crowded McDonalds and that was it—love at first sight. From that moment on we were inseparable. He came back here with me on a student visa. It was perfect. We were perfect until he left me.

CHARLES

And you still love him?

KATHERINE

I think the only thing of significance I will have done in my life is love him. I once thought I might write a play or sing a great song, paint a great picture, dance a beautiful dance but I think it will be to have loved him.

*(CHARLES turns off the camera. KATHERINE leaves as CHARLES talks to the audience.)*

CHARLES

Katherine left me and got back with Tomas. What kind of fuck name is Tomas anyway—all Euro-trashy like a soccer star. Anyway I had to keep myself in a very shallow place. I didn't listen to music. I was careful to only read things that did not matter to me. I didn't let myself think thoughts of holidays, or trips, or hotel rooms, or beaches, or moonlight, or the moveable feast that was Katherine.

*(CHARLES walks to the space designating Toast's flat. He sits on the floor outside her door.)*

I'd go to a café and pick out the prettiest woman. Then I'd count how many men look at her and then work out the ratio between those who openly looked and those who would sneak a peek. It's a dumb game but it got me through the afternoons. Plus the mental calculations were probably good exercise for my mind.

**SCENE TEN: at Toast's flat**

(TOAST arrives home drunk. CHARLES is sleeping outside her door. She jumps when she discovers him.)

TOAST

What the hell are you doing.... Jeez you scared me... what the... you...

CHARLES

What time is it?

*(They enter her flat.)*

TOAST

It's three o'clock. Four o'clock. High Noon.

CHARLES

It's three o'clock.

TOAST

Well, if you knew what time it was why did you ask me?

CHARLES

You're drunk.

TOAST

But that's what's so great about Margaritas. They make you forget everything, including your own name. For all I know I could be married with three children.

CHARLES

Did you get laid?

TOAST

Why do you think my sex life is your business?

CHARLES

Because I don't have one of my own?

TOAST

I think I'll just go to bed.

*(She curls up on the floor.)*

CHARLES

Are you comfortable?

TOAST

Yes, I feel fine.

CHARLES

Are you sure you're comfortable?

TOAST

Yes, very, thank you.

CHARLES

You'd be more comfortable if your shoes were off.

TOAST

I missed some boat somewhere and I'm not even sure which boat, the destination, the price of the ticket, or what clothes I should have worn. Want to hear a poem I memorized?

CHARLES

Yes, very much.

TOAST

"Go and catch a falling star, Get with child a mandrake root, Tell me where all past years are, or who cleft the Devil's foot." John Donne.

CHARLES

Very good. Now go to sleep.

TOAST

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre, the falcon cannot hear the falconer; things fall apart; the center cannot hold; mere anarchy is loosed upon the world." William Butler Yeats.

*(She falls asleep.)*

CHARLES

What it is, is what it is... James Brown

*(CHARLES exits scene.)*

CHARLES

*(to the audience as he walks to the camera)*

Toast was skinny, but tough, a lost soul with too many tattoos and too few options. She's one of those tough little girls who, with grit and determination, somehow manage to survive in a hostile universe. Punked, pierced, and tattooed, she listened to her own drummer. Unlucky in love; men with guitars don't stay around long.

**SCENE ELEVEN: at the video camera**

(CHARLES is shooting a video of JULIE.)

JULIE

I hope you don't want me to take my clothes off.

CHARLES

As appealing as that sounds... but no, just sit on the chair.

*(JULIE arranges her hair, taking various poses.)*

JULIE

This is going to be fun. Okay, what do I do? How do I look?

CHARLES

You look great. Julie, take one, action. Okay, tell me something about yourself, Julie.

JULIE

I love fashion. I love style. Looks are important to me. All the girls at the beauty salon feel that way. Fashion is my life. Tina had her lips done. They took fat from her thighs and shot it into her lips. She looked really funny at first--like Donald Duck. Everyone looks fantastic there but, you know what's funny? Who are we doing all this for? Only a few men come into the salon to have their hair cut. They are all married and usually bald. Every day is like all dressed up on a Saturday night with no place to go. No one's looking. The goal is to look fantastic. Presumably for guys—we all want to get married. But we only see each other. We arrive each morning, like movie stars on the set: gorgeous, perfect, glamorous, but no one's watching. *(beat)* This is really fun. What should I do next?

CHARLES

If you had an important idea that you wanted to let everyone in the world know about, what would you say?

JULIE

*(thinking hard)*

There are four rules of life. Number one: avoid assholes. Number two: never get into a pissing contest you can't win. Number three: never let them see you cry. Number four: never fuck anyone out of sympathy.

*(CHARLES turns off the camera. JULIE leaves as CHARLES talks to the audience as he moves to the bar.)*

CHARLES

According to the Heisenberg Principle any particle is a wave until you look at it. The wave is essentially a statistical representation of all the places that the particle could be. So if you want to measure its speed then you measure the wave. But when you measure its position, you collapse the wave into a particle. But you can never do both.

**SCENE TWELVE: at a bar**

(CHARLES sits at a bar. He is on his cell phone. A WOMAN next to him is looks at her cell phone.)

CHARLES

*(on the phone)*

You're not going to commit suicide tonight, Toast. Tonight's not a good night. Trust me. Just go to bed. Get some sleep. No, I am sure things will look better in the morning. *(He listens.)* No I am not coming over. There's no one outside the house. *(He listens.)* I know the skinheads stole your door mat, but that was two months ago... There's nobody trying to get in. Just lock the doors, turn off the lights... *(He listens.)* No, no, okay, don't turn off the lights. Just go to bed. Lock yourself in. Go to bed.

WOMAN

Your wife?

CHARLES

An old friend. You married?

WOMAN

Separated. He cheated on me.

CHARLES

Think you'll get back together?

WOMAN

I fell out of love.

CHARLES

Where did you fall?

WOMAN

Right. Funny... Maybe you understand?

CHARLES

I've never understood "fall out of love." I'd like to think it was a choice, not a fate... to fall or not to fall. This thing you fell out of... Was it ominous? Slippery? Jagged?

WOMAN

Tedious, mind-numbing, repetitive...

CHARLES

Few people can be honest. I refuse the shiny, happy shit. Don't you?

WOMAN

No. I live for shiny, happy shit. It's just hard to find.

CHARLES

But what if you're wrong?

WOMAN

About my husband?

CHARLES

No, about life. About who you are. What you believe in. What if what you think is important, isn't? What if you've got it all wrong? Not just you, but all of us. What if we've screwed it all up so bad that we can never make it right? What if we've backed ourselves into so tight a little corner that...?

WOMAN

Too scary to think about.

*(CHARLES leaves the scene and goes to the chair in front of the video camera.)*

### **SCENE THIRTEEN: at the video camera**

*(CHARLES sits on the chair and turns on the camera.)*

CHARLES

Final monologue. Action. I think a lot about the word dead. Dead right. Dead ringer. Deadlines. Dead on. Ding, dong the wicked witch is dead. When we dead awaken. As I lay dying. Cut. Cut.

Final Monologue. Take two. Action. There are many wonderful ending lines. "Blow out your candles, Laura." The Glass Menagerie. Or the always dramatic: "It is a far, far better thing I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known." Tale of Two Cities. Or the ever popular "After all, tomorrow is another day." Way too optimistic. Cut.

Final Monologue. Take three. Action. Squaring the circle: the problem of the relation of two incompatible values. Cut. Too scientific.

Final Monologue. Take four. Action. Would someone please tell me where all the happy endings are? I obviously don't get the girl. But there are some other worse endings—a mugging, a murder, a nuclear meltdown. Or I could do three possible endings—very current, very postmodern.

Idea: I think I'll end this documentary with running titles. So and so served three years in a Federal Penitentiary, etc.

The utopic version. Toast toured the world in a successful rock band. Katherine and Tomas run a B and B in Southern France. Julie and I married and have two lovely children.

The violent version. Tomas shot Katherine. Or Katherine committed suicide after starring in the Chekov play "The Three Sisters." Or I commit suicide... Shit, we all commit suicide. You can't guarantee that madness, chaos, and despair won't win out. Always put your money on chaos.

But how would this story really end? In real life? I'd probably sit at bar and tell a lonely woman how both my unfinished documentary and my unfinished life are assembled from used parts.

*(LIGHTS OUT)*

THE END